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G.I. COMBAT

SEPTEMBER

No. 40

VENGEANCE ATTACK

10¢

MANEUVER BATTLEGROUND



Two-Ton Booby Trap

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G.I. COMBAT

VENGEANCE ATTACK

THE DIVISIONS IN THE ARMED FORCES REFLECTS THE SEPARATE ROLLS PERFORMED BY THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF SERVICE! THERE'S AN AIR CORPS FOR AIR COMBAT! A NAVY FOR SEA BATTLE! AN ARMY FOR LAND STRUGGLE! THUS LT. YALE'S SEASONED DOGFACES, TRAINED IN THE DRUMFIRE OF GROUND WARFARE, NEVER DREAMED THAT ONE DAY THEY'D BE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES IN ALL THE ELEMENTS! NO SOLDIER COULD FORESEE CHINESE RED MAJOR HO LI'S DIABOLICAL ASSAULT!



ONE DARK NIGHT, AS AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLANE FLIES LOW OVER THE FORMOSAN STRAITS...



IT'S PART OF A CHAIN OF RADAR INSTALLATIONS UNCLE SAM IS ESTABLISHING ON THE PESCADORES ISLANDS, TORELLI! IN CASE OF A SUDDEN RED ATTACK FORMOSA CAN BE ALERTED IN TIME!



IT'S PART OF UNCLE SAM'S DEFENSE GUARANTEE TO NATIONALIST CHINA! THE PESCADORES ISLANDS BELONG TO FORMOSA!



IS THIS ISLAND INHABITED, LIEUTENANT?



HOW LONG ARE YOU GUYS GOIN TO STAY, LIEUTENANT?



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF...

OKAY, MEN! THE SOONER WE SET UP THIS INSTALLATION THE SOONER WE'LL GET BACK TO TAINAN!



ALL THAT NIGHT, THE MEN WORK LIKE TROJANS...

I'VE GOT TAINAN ON THE RADIO, LIEUTENANT! THEY WANT A TIME ESTIMATE!



LATE THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

WE'RE NEARLY DONE, COLONEL!
WE'VE GOT ABOUT FIVE HOURS
WORK LEFT! SCHEDULE THE
PLANE PICKUP FOR DAWN!
WE'LL BE READY!

THAT NIGHT...

HAVE A CUP OF
JUNK, LIEUTENANT!
THERE'S A REAL
NIP IN THE AIR!

THANKS, TORELL!
YOU *KNOW*
SOMETHING? THIS
WORK WE'RE DOING
IS IMPORTANT!
RADAR CAN
FOLLOW THE REDS
AROUND LIKE AN
ELECTRONIC EYE!

WHEN WE *COMPLETE* OUR RADAR
CHAIN, THE REDS WON'T BE ABLE TO
MOVE A MUSCLE WITHOUT
OUR KNOWING



H-HOLY JUMPIN'... WE'RE
BEIN' ATTACKED!

I-IT'S COMIN' FROM THE
HEIGHTS ABOVE THE BEACH,
LIEUTENANT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TORELL!
IT'S CHINESE REDS!

THEY MUST BE NUTS,
LIEUTENANT! THIS IS
NATIONALIST TERRITORY!



THEY KNOW IT, TORELL! THAT'S
WHY THEY'RE HERE... ON A
RAID OF SOME KIND!
BACK INTO THE HILLS!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHEN WE WERE LAYING OUT THE
INSTALLATION YESTERDAY, I CAME
ACROSS A HOLLOW THAT'S A
PERFECT BLIND ALLEY!



DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, TORELLI! JUST TAKE TEN MEN AND GO UP THE WEST RIDGE OF THE WALE! WHEN YOU SEE MY FLARE GO OFF FROM THE EAST RIDGE, FOLLOW MY LEAD!

RIGHT! COME ON, YOU GUYS!

Y-THE REDS ARE FOLLOWIN' US, LIEUTENANT!

I WANT 'EM TO, CORPORAL! WHEN WE REACH THE TOP, TAKE COVER ALONG THE RIDGE!



FORWARD, IDIOTS! IF YOU CRAWL THIS WAY, THEY'LL ESCAPE! INTO THE WALE! THEY'RE JUST AHEAD!

M-MAJOR! WE CANNOT PROCEED!

A F-FLARE!

WE'VE GOT 'EM PENNED UP LIKE CATTLE! TORELLI! FIRE YOUR FLARES! LIGHT UP THE HOLLOW!



THE LIEUTENANT'S A GENIUS! THEM REDS GOT NOWHERE TO GO NOW BUT SIX FEET DOWN!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU REDS! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF THIS JAM! THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND RAISE YOUR HANDS!





SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE RED PRISONERS ARE ESCORTED TO THE BEACH---



AN HOUR LATER, ON THE BEACH...

G.I. COMBAT

I JUST CONTACTED HEADQUARTERS IN TAINAN, LIEUTENANT! THEY'RE NOT SENDIN' A PLANE! THEY'RE SENDIN' A **BOAT!** A NATIONALIST FREIGHTER BOUND FOR FORMOSA!

WHEN WILL THE FREIGHTER GET HERE?



IN A FEW HOURS! IT'S IN OUR VICINITY! I GUESS THEY NEVER EXPECTED TO PICK UP THIS CARGO, EH, LIEUTENANT?

NEITHER DID I TORELLI! NOBODY KNOWS WHEN THE REDS WILL STAGE AN ILLEGAL RAID!



THAT MORNING, WHILE THE **SHANGHAI QUEEN** STANDS OFF SHORE, THE TRANSFER OF PRISONERS IS MADE...



YOU FOUR MEN PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE INSTALLATION! A HELICOPTER WILL LAND ON THE BEACH AT 4 P.M. TO PICK YOU UP!

OKAY, LIEUTENANT, GOOD LUCK ON YOUR HOME TRIP!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE LAST LAUNCH-LOAD OF PRISONERS HEADS TOWARD THE **SHANGHAI QUEEN**...

STOP DREAMING, LI! IF YOU'RE THINKING HOW TO **ESCAPE**, DON'T! IT'S A LONG SWIM BACK TO CHINA AND THE STRAITS ARE FULL OF SHARKS!

WE'LL SEE WHO DOES THE SWIMMING, LIEUTENANT! YOU OR I!



LATER, IN THE HOLD OF THE **SHANGHAI QUEEN**...

TRY TO KEEP MY CREW AWAY FROM THE REDS, LIEUTENANT! THERE'VE BEEN SEVERAL INCIDENTS SINCE WE LEFT HONG KONG!

WHAT KIND OF INCIDENTS?



MUTINY! THE UNREST DOES NOT COME FROM POOR CONDITIONS OR WAGES! IT COMES FROM THE **CARGO!** WE ARE CARRYING A **FORTUNE** IN MUNITIONS!

MUNITIONS?



YES! IF THE CREW WERE ABLE TO SEIZE THE SHIP AND SAIL IT TO CHINA, THEY'D SELL THE CARGO TO THE COMMUNISTS AND WIND UP RICH!

OR MORE LIKELY... DEAD! THE FOOLS! WHAT'S TO PREVENT THE REDS FROM TAKING THE CARGO WITHOUT PAYING A CENT?

AN HOUR LATER, IN A CORNER OF THE HOLD...

QUIET, MAJOR! DO NOT BETRAY US! WE SPEAK FOR THE CREW! WHEN YOU CAME ABOARD WE SAW A RARE OPPORTUNITY! WE MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO SEIZE THE SHIP! WE FAILED! OUR LEADERS ARE IN THE BRIG!

GO ON! HOW CAN WE HELP?

MOMENTS LATER... AS THE CREW MEMBER EXPLAINS...

OUR DEAL IS THIS, THEN! HELP US SEIZE THE SHIP! IN RETURN YOU KEEP YOUR FREEDOM AND THE SHIP! WE GET THE WORTH OF THE CARGO!

IT'S A BARGAIN, FRIEND! BUT WE MUST NOT WASTE TIME! WE MUST STRIKE AT ONCE! ALERT YOUR FRIENDS! IN ONE HOUR, WE JOIN FORCES!

AN HOUR LATER, ON THE UPPER DECK...

L-LIEUTENANT! COME QUICK! ALL HECKS BUSTED LOOSE! THE CREW JUST OVERWHELMED THE GUARD! THE REDS ARE FREE!

G-GOOD GRIEF, CAPTAIN! IT'S WHAT YOU PREDICTED!

THEY'RE SWARMING ALL OVER THE DECK! TORELLI, CONTACT FORMOSA! TELL 'EM THE REDS'VE TURNED THE SHANGHAI QUEEN INTO A BATTLEGROUND!

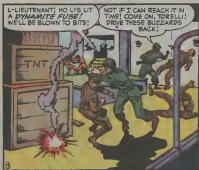
THEY'RE SENDIN' OUT HELP FROM TAINAN! BUT IT'LL BE A WHILE BEFORE THEY GET HERE!

THEN OUR WORK'S OUT FOR US, TORELLI! AS LONG AS WE CONTROL THE BRIDGE WE CAN STICK IT OUT! BEAT 'EM BACK, MEN!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE REDS CAN'T MOVE UPWARD...

WE ARE LOST IF WE CANNOT TAKE THE BRIDGE, HO LI! THE SHIP CAN STAY ADRIFT TILL HELP COMES FROM FORMOSA!

THAT SEEMS TO BE THE YANKERS' PLAN! WELL, FRUSTRATE IT BY JAMMING THE STEERING MECHANISM! WE'LL GROUND THE FREIGHTER ON THE NEAREST ISLAND!





A HALF HOUR LATER...



G.I. COMBAT

TWO-TON BOOBY TRAP

FIFTY TRUCKS SET OUT IN CONVOY TO SUPPLY AN EMBATTLED UNIT IN NEED OF AMMUNITION. FORTY-NINE TRUCKS REACHED THEIR DESTINATION. THE FIFTIETH WOUND UP IN THE HANDS OF THE REES --- A SORT OF A GOING-AWAY PRESENT --- G.I. STYLE!



FALL BACK! FALL BACK TO POSITION BAKER
AND AWAIT FIRE SUPPORT!

THE
7TH
BATTALION,
ASSAULT-
ING DOGBONE
HILL,
RAN INTO MURDER-
OUS MORTAR
FIRE FROM A
GORGE
THEY CALLED
SUICIDE
GAP!



THIS WAS THE SECOND DAY OF SAVAGE, UNRELENTING
BATTLE!

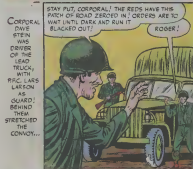
THEY'RE CLOBBERING US
FROM SUICIDE GAP! WHERE'S THAT
MORTAR COVER YOU WERE GOING
TO THROW IN FOR US?

OUR 60 MML
STUFF WON'T
REACH THAT FAR,
LIEUTENANT!





EIGHT MILES SOUTH, A SCANT 1,000 YARDS OF EXPOSED ROAD WAS THE BOTTLE-NECK HOLDING UP THE BADLY NEEDED AMMO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE UNPREDICTABLE KOREAN WEATHER HAD TOSSED UP RAIN AND THICKENING FOG!

EVERYBODY IN HIS TRUCK! ORDERS ARE TO ROLL QUICK, WHILE IT'S VISIBILITY ZERO FOR THE COMMIES!

WHAT ABOUT US? WE CAN BE SET TO ROLL IN TEN MINUTES, SARGE!

YOU'LL HAPTA CATCH UP! WE'RE TO GET THE CONVOY ROLLING BEFORE THE WEATHER SWITCHES AGAIN!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT, SERGEANTS! THEY'RE SUCH FRIENDLY HELPFUL GENTS!

FORTY-NINE LUMBERING TRUCKS AND THE REAR-GUARD JEEP ROARED BY AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLED WITH THE HEAVY SPARE!

MAKE IT SNAPPY! AND WATCH FOR OUR MARKERS WHERE THE ROAD FORKS UP IN THE HILLS! WE WANT TO LOOP AROUND SUICIDE GAP!

YES, SIR!

THAT DOES IT, DAVE!

LEAVE THE SPARE! WE DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT STRAGGLING, IN CASE THE REDS HAVE PATROLS OUT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

WE SHOULD BE CATCHING UP! KEEP WATCH FOR THAT GUIDE POST!

WHO COULD SEE IT IN THIS SOUP? I'M NOT EVEN SURE WE'RE STILL ON THE ROAD!

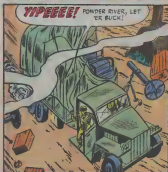
HEY! HEN'T THAT THE MOUNTAIN ON OUR LEFT? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE SWUNG SO IT'S ON OUR RIGHT! WE TOOK THE WRONG FORK!

THEN WE'RE HEADING RIGHT INTO RED TERRITORY! GET OUT QUICK AND FIND US A PLACE TO TURN AROUND!

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU COULDN'T TURN A KIDDIE-CAR ON THIS GOAT TRACK!

WONDER WHERE WE ARE!







G.I. COMBAT

MANEUVER BATTLEGROUND

THE SEVENTH FLEET AND THE U.S. ARMY MISSION STATIONED IN FORMOSA TO HELP KEEP IT OUT OF RED CHINESE HANDS HAD PLANNED A GREAT MANEUVER EXERCISE! THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE EXERCISE INVOLVED THE DEFENSE OF ONE ISLAND, IMA KO, AGAINST HEAVY "ENEMY" ATTACK! CAPTAIN BILL JASON'S HALF A COMPANY HAD TO OCCUPY THE ISLAND BEFORE THE EXERCISE AND THEN HOLD OFF A HUGE FORCE OF THE OPPOSITION! FOR 36 HOURS, JASON WOULD BE CUT OFF FROM ALL CONTACT WITH FORMOSA! THE STAGE WAS SET FOR EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE SHOCKING EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE!

CAPTAIN! T-HEY'RE FIRING LIVE AMMUNITION! THIS ISN'T A MOCK INVASION! THIS IS THE REAL MCCOY!

THEN WHO'S INVADING US? IT CAN'T BE OUR MEN!

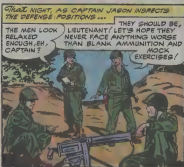
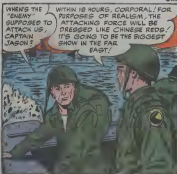
LATE IN MAY, 1956, A U.S. BATTLE CRUISER ANCHORED OFF THE PESCADORES ISLAND OF IMA KO, AND DISCHARGES HALF A COMPANY OF INFANTRYMEN...

GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN JASON! YOURS WILL BE THE KEY EXPERIENCE OF THE MANEUVER!

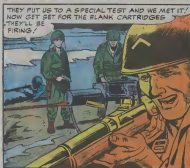
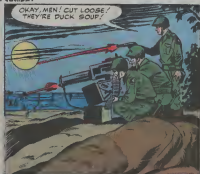
THANK YOU, COLONEL! WE'LL DO OUR BEST! WE'LL TREAT THIS MOCK MANEUVER AS IF IT WERE THE REAL THING!

REMEMBER, CAPTAIN, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A PIECE OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT! YOUR BLUE ARMY WILL BE OUT OF CONTACT WITH THE WORLD FOR 36 HOURS!

WE'LL BE READY FOR THE "ENEMY" WHEN HE COMES, COLONEL! LET 'ER RIP!







T-THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE! GIVE ME A HANDKERCHIEF, GARRITY! I'LL TALK TO 'EM!

SOME MOMENTS LATER, AS THEY DESCEND TO THE BEACH...

T-THEY DON'T WANT TO TALK! IT'S CRAZY, GARRITY! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY BEFORE OUR MEN ARE CUT TO RIBBONS! SOUND A RETREAT!



T-THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, CAPTAIN! I WANT THEM TO! I WANT SOME PRISONERS, GARRITY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY OUR OWN ARMY IS FIRING AT US!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE FIRST INVADERS, NOT ON THE TRAIL, PASS BY...

GRAB 'EM, GARRITY!
I'LL HOLD THE OTHERS
OFF!

YIHUU!



HOLY
J- JUMPING...!

I-I SEE 'EM, TOO, CAPTAIN!
THEY'RE CHINESE REDS!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS CAPTAIN JASON
QUESTIONS HIS TWO PRISONERS...

W-WE OCCUPY
IWA KO TO
ESTABLISH BASE!
NEXT STOP
FORMOSA! NO
EXPECT TO FIND
YANKEE
DEFENDERS
HERE!

WE'RE HERE, ALL
RIGHT! WE'RE
GOING TO STAY
HERE NO MATTER
HOW BIG YOUR
ATTACKING FORCE
IS!



BUT HOW CAN
WE FIGHT
WITHOUT
AMMUNITION,
CAPTAIN?
THEY OUT-
NUMBER US
AS IT IS!

WE'LL MEET THEIR
BRUTE FORCE
WITH CUNNING!
THEIR ARMS WITH
TRAPS! THERE'S
MORE THAN ONE
WAY TO SKIN A
CAT! COME ON,
GARRITY!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE HILLS...

A MERRY CHASE
AROUND THE
ISLAND IS VERY
FINE, CAPTAIN!
BUT HOW WILL
THAT HELP US
LICK THE
REDS?

FIRST WE NEED
GUNS! THEIR
GUNS! THEY
KNOW WE
CAN'T HARM A
FLY WITH OUR
MUNITIONS! HEN...

GATHER FOLIAGE...
BRANCHES, DEAD-
WOOD, ANYTHING
...AS YOU
RUN!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, AS THE VANGUARD OF THE
REDS PLUNGES BLINDLY AHEAD INTO A PIT!

ヨウ!

アハハ!



OKAY, MEN!
TAKE 'EM!





MORE CUSTOMERS FOR SGT. MAGNI, CAPTAIN! SHALL I ESCORT 'EM BACK?

ON THE SPURT, NOT THE DOUBLE, SERGEANT! WHAT'S THE MATTER, JENKINS? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

REDS!

A HORDE OF 'EM! IT'S THEIR MAIN PARTY, CAPTAIN!

SERGEANT, TAKE YOUR PRISONERS TO MAGNI! THE REST OF YOU OPEN FIRE! HOLD 'EM OFF TILL SERGEANT PHIPPS IS OUT OF RANGE!

IT'S OKAY, CAPTAIN! PHIPPS IS SAFE!

GOOD! EVERYBODY RETREAT, ON THE DOUBLE! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR ORDERS ON THE RUN! MAYBE WE'LL NAIL THE WHOLE PACK OF 'EM!



TEN MINUTES LATER, INLAND...

THEY CANNOT ESCAPE, FOOLS! AFTER THEM! THEY MUST BE AHEAD!



BUT AS THE REDS FLOUNDER IN THE SLIPPERY DARKNESS... AND SINK...

ALL RIGHT, YOU COMMIES! YOU'RE STUCK IN QUICKSAND! MOVE FORWARD AND YOU'LL SINK OVER YOUR HEAD! THROW YOUR GUNS AWAY OR YOU'RE THROUGH!

A PLAGUE ON THESE YANKEES! THEY LURED US INTO A SWAMP!



AS THE PANICKED REDS SURRENDERED...

IT WAS A LUCKY THING YOU TOURED THE ISLAND THIS AFTERNOON, CAPTAIN! NO SWAMP WAS EVER PUT TO BETTER USE!

SERVED 'EM RIGHT FOR INVADING NATIONALIST TERRITORY, GARRITY! WHAT PLEASES ME MOST IS THAT WE LICKED 'EM WITH BLANK AMMUNITION! IMAGINE HOW UNCLE SAM COULD LICK 'EM WITH THE REAL MCCOY!



AT DAWN, WHEN THE "MOCK" ENEMY "LANDS ON THE BLUE ARMY BEACH...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? WE'RE THE RED ARMY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO REPEL US!

NO, WE AIN'T! WE CAPTURED YOU LAST NIGHT! RIGHT, CAPTAIN?

RIGHT! YOU FELLERS CAME TOO LATE! IT'S A LONG STORY... WITH A HAPPY ENDING!



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TERROR of the Panhandle

DURING the late 1880's the Oklahoma Panhandle was a land apart. It was attached to no state, there was no government, no way to collect federal taxes. In the event of murder, and they usually came in threes, it was impossible to investigate the crimes because there was no coroner, no sheriff and no court in which to try the offenders. The lux-shooter laid down what little law there was. Wide-open saloons and dance halls flourished along with every known type of crime.

Into this carefree state of anarchy rode young Sam Stevens, newly escaped from a Texas jail, where he had been unjustly incarcerated for cattle rustling. Sam arrived armed with the determination to go straight in a crooked country. A country he had chosen because in the Panhandle he was beyond the reach of the law.

He started by homesteading considerable acreage and behaving in a meek and mild manner when he went into town. And that took considerable doing. Sam made such a favorable impression on the local "boss," Black Bart, that he stopped him one evening as Sam staggered towards his backboard, his arms loaded with victuals. "Sam," growled Black Bart, "I been keeping an eye on you." Sam promptly dropped the flour and as the lump dissolved in this throat, managed a quivering reply. "That s-so, Mr. Bart?" "Yup," drawled Black Bart. "An' you set such a fine example for these parts that I decided to appoint you the sheriff." Sam was flabbergasted, as were the local bystanders who overheard. It was common knowledge that this was Bart's plan to corner the local criminal activities and run things a bit more to his liking. He had offered the post to several of his cohorts and all of them, in view of the heated competition between Bart and several other would-be dictators, had turned it down as being a gilt-edged invitation to a pine box. Sam didn't give it a second thought. He carefully placed his bundles in the backboard and stretched out his hand to Black Bart. "Sir," he said resolutely, "I accept your appointment and I thank you for your faith and confidence in me. I will administer my office in an impartial manner towards everybody." It was quite a speech for Sam and when he finally slowed down and started to blush, Black Bart assured him that there would be times when he needn't feel called upon to be too impartial.

A ramshackle building was hastily converted into a jail by Black Bart's boys and Sam moved into the office, a bright star on his chest and a new gleam in his eye. He forthwith arrested two of the carpenters on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct when, in celebration of the completion of the jail, they shot up Pig Red-Eye's cafe. This earned Sam considerable respect from the local law breakers since he was certainly showing no partiality when he arrested Black Bart's men. Bart himself was impressed by what he took to be strategy on Sam's part and let his boys cool off for a few days before he mentioned it to Sam.

"Don't you think it's about time to let the boys out, Sam?" queried Black Bart upon his next meeting with the sheriff. "Under the Texas law, with which I am very familiar, Mr. Bart, the term for their crime is ten days. And since we ain't part of no state, I decided to abide by Texas law until something better turns up." This was another long speech for Sam and it set Black Bart back on his heels, especially since it took place in the Dust Bowl Saloon where a couple of Bart's competitors were able to sit in on the exchange. The odds were high around town that Sam wouldn't be alive by nightfall, but they soon levelled off when it became apparent that his defiance of Black Bart had given him prestige with many a local criminal and they formed a sort of protective league for Sam which meant certain death for anyone of them who tried to kill the spunky little sheriff.

This good-sportsmanship was short-lived, however, when Sam started showing up all over the area, in time to prevent a stage robbery, or to stop a shooting, and it was obvious that his information came from all sides. The boys started fighting among themselves making accusations and if things got too rough, they found themselves shouting back and forth across the jail corridor.

The final blow came in 1890 when Sam arrested Black Bart for murdering one of the opposition. And Black Bart's men organized to do away with Sam that very night. Sam had ridden out to meet the stage and when it pulled in, Sam stepped out behind a dignified gentleman-whom he promptly escorted to the jail. Bart's boys immediately assumed that Sam had arrested a traveling gambler and they moved in to free the unfortunate stranger at the same time they released Bart.

Outside the jailhouse, one of the gunmen paused to put a light on a sign newly posted there. The other men trooped in, their guns drawn, as a crowd gathered on the other side of the street to witness the proceedings. They were startled to see the reader leap up in the air after carefully spelling out the sign and dash frantically into the jail shouting, "Hold it, boys! We're too late!" Inside, he found the stately gentleman being introduced by the sheriff as the representative of the State of Oklahoma, while the men were carefully replacing their six shooters. Black Bart could be heard moaning loudly in the background.

Sam explained that the Panhandle was now officially a part of Oklahoma and that the state militia was riding into town in the morning. "Law and order, at last," sighed Sam. One of the men spoke up brightly, "But if we're part of Oklahoma, that makes a difference to Black Bart, doesn't it? Under Texas law, which you been practicing, Sam, Bart's due to hang." Sam replied quietly, "Under Oklahoma law, he'll swing in the morning with the state militia to make it legal."

Sam's sentence in Texas was commuted by the governor of that state when he heard of Sam's law enforcing, and Sam Stevens, the Terror of the Panhandle, retired to his homestead, a famous man.

G.I. COMBAT

ASSAULT ON AIRSTRIP 17



AN ARTILLERY DUEL -- A BATTLE OF FLAME-BELCHING MONSTERS MILES APART -- SIGNALED THE OPENING OF THE NEW UN OFFENSIVE NORTH OF SUAN-PO!



SLOWLY THE DUEL BECAME ONE-SIDED AS A MOSQUITO PILOT, DARING DEATH, CRUISED OVER THE RED GUN PLACEMENTS, SPOTTING OUR SHOTS!

SCRATCH ONE MORE RED GUN! NOW TRAVERSE DUE EAST AND I'LL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS ON WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN AMMO DUMP!



THAT DOES IT! THEY WON'T SEND ANY MORE PACKAGES FROM THAT MAILBOX! I'M HEADING BACK TO MY STRIP TO REFUEL!



BUT THE DARING PILOT RAN INTO TROUBLE WHEN HE TRIED TO SLIDE IN THROUGH THE EVENING SHADOWS TO HIS USUAL BASE!

GET UP!
YOU
CAN'T
LAND
HERE!

GADFLY 2 TO PETE 3!
THE RATS PUT A SHELL-
HOLE IN MY LANDING
STRIP! I'M FLYING BACK
TO STRIP 76 FOR
EMERGENCY LANDING!

THE PILOT BARELY MADE IT TO STRIP 76 ON HIS LAST SPOONFUL OF GAS!

YOU'D BETTER
GET STRIP 77
FILLED IN FAST,
SIR! I'VE GOT TO
BASE THERE IF
I'M TO FOLLOW
OUR DAMN
PUSH-OFF!

I'LL GET WORD
THROUGH RIGHT
AWAY! WE'D
BE BLIND AND
HELPLESS
WITHOUT
YOUR
SPOTTING!

BAD NEWS, SIR!
THE ENGINEERS
HAVE BEEN SENT
OVER TO LEFT
FLANK TO THROW
A PORTABLE
BRIDGE OVER
THE HUANSAN
RIVER!

BLAST IT, WE
DON'T NEED
ENGINEERS!
TELL THEM TO
SEND SOME
G.I.'S WITH SHOVELS
TO FILL THAT
HOLE! MAKE
IT SNAPPY!

So
THROUGH
THE
CHAIN
OF
COMMAND,
SERGEANT
EDWARDS
OF
FIRST
PLATOON
ENDED
WITH
THE
DUTY
DETAIL
—AS
USUAL!

COME ON, YOU DOG-FACES!
WE JUST GOT A CALL
FOR SPECIALISTS ON
A GOLD-BRICK
DETAIL AND YOU'RE IT!

GOOOH!
LAST TIME I
HEARD THAT
GAG, I WOUND
UP ON A
GARBAGE
TRUCK!

QUIT BEEFING, MAC!
WE'RE GOING BACK
BEHIND THE WAR
TO FILL UP A SHELL-
HOLE ON AIRSTRIP 77!
CLIMB ABOARD!

HEY, YOU MEAN NO-
BODY'S GONNA SHOOT
AT US? THE OUTFIT
STARTS A DRIVE AND
WE SIT IT OUT? HOW
SOFT CAN ARMY
LIFE GET?

AN HOUR LATER THEY SPLASHED ACROSS THE SHALLOW TRICKLE OF FUNAN CREEK ONTO AIRSTRIP 77.

HERE WE ARE!
GRAB THOSE SHOVELS
AND GET READY
TO DIG!

YEAH! I KNEW THERE WAS
A CATCH IN IT SOMEWHERE!
TONIGHT WHEN THE OUTFIT
SNORES, WE GOTTA
SHOVEL MUD!

SERGEANT EDWARDS
AND COMPANY
REPORTING FOR
AIRSTRIP REPAIRS,
SIR!

FINE! WE'RE TO TAKE YOUR
TRUCK AND RUSH BACK FOR
SPARE PARTS! TRY TO HAVE
THE FIELD OPERATIVE BY
THE TIME WE GET BACK
TOMORROW!

SO THE DULL, WEARY JOB BEGAN! EVERYBODY BEEFED BUT EACH MAN KNEW THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THE MOSQUITO PLANE FLYING!

HEY, SARGE, IS IT SAFE TO KEEP THE LANDING LIGHTS ON LIKE THIS?

SURE, JUDD! WE'RE MILES BEHIND THE LINES! NOBODY'D BOTHER US BUT A RED BOMBER AND WE CAN HEAR HIM IN TIME TO BLACK OUT!



DARN FOUND THE EXHAUSTED MEN STILL LABORING!

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH I HATED THE COMMIES UNTIL THEY DID THIS! OOOOH, MY ACHING BACK!

DON'T WORRY, TOM! WHEN THIS JOB IS FINISHED, WE'LL PAY 'EM BACK PLENTY! TAKE TEN AND WE'LL RUSTLE SOME CHOW!



THEN THE ATTACK CAME WITHOUT ANY WARNING —



AN ATTACK! TAKE COVER!

WHA...? GRAB YOUR GUNS! GET INTO THOSE TREES!

BLAM BLAM

MUST BE RED GUERRILLAS! KEEP THEM BUSY WHILE I GIVE SAMUELS FIRST AID!

AND SOMEBODY SAID THIS WAS A GOLD-BRICK MISSION! THAT'S THE ARMY FOR YUH!



SAH'LL BE OKAY! CAN YOU MAKE OUT HOW MANY ARE OVER THERE?

FOUR, JUDGING FROM THE SHOTS, SARGE! I THINK I GOT ONE WHEN HE STUCK HIS RIFLE OUT A MINUTE AGO! I... HOLD IT!

MAKE IT THREE, NOW!



WE'VE STILL GOT A RUSH JOB TO FINISH! WE'LL SWING AROUND AND TRY TO FLANK THOSE BABIES FROM THE SOUTH!

THE NERVE OF 'EM PULLING AN ATTACK BEHIND OUR LINES! HOW CRAZY CAN THOSE BUZZARDS GET?



SOMETHING'S SCREWY!
WHY DON'T THEY CHARGE
OR PULL OUT? THEY
ACT LIKE THEY'RE
WAITING FOR SOME...

YII-II-I!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE WAITING
FOR!

A WHOLE RED
GUERRILLA COLUMN!
THERE MUST BE
500 OF THEM!

RUN FOR IT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE
THE AIRSTRIP OPERATIONS
SHANTY AND SEE IF THEY'VE
GOT ANY WEAPONS!



THE REDS WERE STILL A GOOD HALF MILE AWAY WHEN
THE MEN BURST INTO THE AIRSTRIP SHANTY!

EEOOK! WE HIT THE
JACKPOT, GANG!
A MACHINE GUN, A
BAR AND A
GRENADE
GUN!

HIT FOR THE WOODS AGAIN! WE
CAN HOLE UP BEHIND THE TREES
AND DO SOME DAMAGE WHEN
THEY REACH THE CREEK!



HEY, ARE WE NUTS? FIVE
OF US CAN'T HOLD OFF
500! WE'D BETTER
TRY TO GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE THEY
STEAMROLLER US!

IF WE DO, THEY'LL SWEEP
ON AND HIT OUR OWN
OUTFIT FROM THE REAR!
OUR JOB IS TO DELAY
THE REDS UNTIL HELP
CAN GET HERE!



GKEY-DOKE? THIS
GUGHTA DELAY A
FEW OF THOSE
BABIES --
PERMANENTLY!

MAKE
EVERY
SHOT
COUNT!



KEEP THEM BUSY
WHILE I SLIP
BACK AND TRY
TO GET THAT
RADIO IN THE
SHACK OPER-
ATING! IT'S
OUR ONLY
HOPE OF
GETTING
HELP!

MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WHEN THAT AD-
VANCE PATROL
TELLS 'EM THERE
ONLY FIVE OF
US, THEY'LL
REALLY
POUR IT ON!



SERGEANT EDWARDS WAS ALMOST TO HIS GOAL WHEN A RED MORTAR OPENED UP WITH DEADLY EFFECTIVENESS!

THAT REALLY TEARS IT! WE'RE GONERS!

THE GASOLINE DUMP FOR THE OBSERVATION PLANE! IF A SHELL HITS THAT -- HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

HOLCOMB -- CARTER! YOU TWO COME WITH ME! DAVIS, YOU KEEP THAT MACHINE GUN GOING! SAMUELS, WORK THE GRENADE GUN WITH YOUR GOOD ARM!

WHAT'S UP, SARGE? WITH THE RADIO GONE, WE'RE FINISHED!

WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION! START ROLLING THOSE GASOLINE DRUMS DOWN TO THE CREEK! HURRY IT!

WHY? WHAT DO WE DO NEXT? THROW THESE CANS AT THE COMMIES?

WE GO BACK FOR THREE MORE -- AND DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH ON GABBING! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

NOW GET THOSE SCREW CAPS LOOSENED SO YOU CAN START DUMPING GAS IN THE CREEK WHEN I GIVE THE WORD!

ONE OF US IS NUTS AND IT CAN'T BE ME -- I'M JUST SCARED!

YOU WON'T BE SCARED LONG! YOU'LL BE DEAD! HERE THEY COME!

START DUMPING GAS! POUR IT FAST!



IN AN INSTANT THE VOLATILE GAS FLOATING ON THE TINY STREAM TURNED INTO A MASS OF ROARING FLAME!



THEY'RE IN FULL RETREAT! THE FLAMES SAVED US!

KEEP FIRING TO KEEP 'EM ON THE RUN!



SARGE, IF I WASN'T SEEING THIS, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

NOBODY EVER WILL BELIEVE IT!



MAN, THIS'LL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS OPERATION RED RUN!

WE'LL GO DOWN AS A LOT WORSE IF THAT AIRSTRIP ISN'T FINISHED! COME ON, YOU CHARACTERS! BEND THOSE SHOVELS!



AN HOUR LATER WHEN THE AIR CREW RETURNED

JUST FINISHING? THE JOB, SIR! I'M SURE IT WILL HOLD UP!

JUST FINISHING? YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN FINISHED TWO HOURS AGO! WHAT HAVE YOU MEN BEEN DOING-- GOLDBRICKING ALL MORNING? YOU G.I.'S ARE ALL ALIKE!





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